

## **Get Outta My Head** by [Aladin\\_Sane](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Post Season 2, Jim Hopper is possessed by 004, tricked into believing Steve Harrington is a beast from the Upside Down.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Honestly idk where this would fit into a major story. Also, imagine the song "Take on Me" playing in the background.

The sound of a car door slamming shut outside made both Dustin and Steve jump. They turned to the window of Hopper's cabin, watching the curtain flutter in the wind.

"Anything over the walkie?" Steve asked in a low whisper. Nobody was supposed to be back yet. Will and Mike were with Joyce, breaking into the abandoned lab. Lucas and Max were with Nancy and Jonathan, protecting that detective they met. El was with Hopper, taking down a base set up by the lab's military force on the edge of the woods.

Like usual, Steve didn't really know what was going on. One of the other people like El, 004, had apparently teamed up with the scientists to help them do.... evil things. Steve didn't need the details. He knew that he and Dustin were here, relaying information between the groups, protecting the base. All he needed was that and his bat. "Nothing'," Dustin whispered back.

Steve paused. A million bad things could be on the other side of the door right now. He set down his playing cards on the table between him and Dustin and grabbed his bat. He made his way to the door quickly and as quietly as he could manage. Carefully, he peeled back the curtain.

Hopper was pacing back and forth in front of his car, talking to the air. Probably over his walkie or something, it was hard to see from this distance. His head snapped towards the window and he stared right at Steve. He looked confused for a minute before heading towards the house.

Steve turned back to Dustin. "No worries, it's just Hop."

Almost the instant he finished his sentence, four gunshots went off.

Each one took out a lock on the door, sending wood and metal flying. Instinctively, Steve ran to Dustin, pushing him away from the danger.

“Jesus, Hop! I could’ve unlocked it for ya,” he shouted.

The door swung open, banging against the the wall and knocking a family picture of Hopper and El falling off it’s nail. The glass shattered at his feet, but Hopper was just glaring at Steve, his rifle in hand. He cocked it. Steve’s neck felt wet with sweat.

“What’s going on?” Steve asked. He raised one hand towards the cop, gentling nudging Dustin behind him.

“How did it get in here?” Hopper asked, turning his head slightly, as if he were talking to someone behind him.

“How did what get in here?” Steve kept his voice soft, unsure of how to address the chief.

“His eyes are glazed over,” Dustin whispered.

Steve shushed him by reaching back and grabbing his arm. With his other hand, he raised his bat. Dustin’s walkie was over on the kitchen table, right by Hopper’s side. Something told him that approaching was a bad idea.

“Can I shoot it?” Hopper asked.

“No!” Steve pushed Dustin further behind him, watching the way Hopper’s finger hovered longingly over the trigger.

“Why not?”

It had been a good handful of years since Steve had seen Hop this mad. At least since middle school, when he and Eddie K had tried to steal beers from the liquor store.

“It’s me and Dustin! Where’s Jane?”

Honestly, Steve thought it was weird that Hopper suddenly had a daughter and that nobody questioned it. When he’d asked Dustin, all he’d gotten was an eye roll and a “That’s Eleven!” Which didn’t really

mean anything to Steve, but he nodded along anyways. Whatever. If Hopper suddenly had a daughter who could throw demodogs through windows with her bare hands and had a bunch of nosebleeds, it wasn't the weirdest thing in Hawkins.

"Fine," Hopper snapped, throwing down his gun. He marched closer, hands balling into fists. Steve backed up, crowding Dustin against the wall.

When Hopper was directly in front of them, he paused, looking at Steve intently. Oddly enough, Steve got the feeling Hopper couldn't actually see him.

"What's going on?" Dustin asked, his voice wavering on each word.

Hopper's fist hit Steve's jaw, knocking him to the ground. Dazed, he paused on the floor, trying to stop his head from spinning. When he heard Dustin whimper above him, his instincts completely took over.

He couldn't even feel the pain anymore as he barreled into Hopper's side, digging his shoulder in just beneath the ribs. They slammed into the wall. Hopper wheezed, Steve apologized profusely.

A thick hand wrapped around his neck and shoved him into the corner of the room, reversing their stances. Steve gripped Hopper's pulsing forearm and clung tightly as he felt the man start to lift him.

"Dustin, run!" he shouted before his air supply was cut off.

Over the chief's shoulder, he saw Dustin book it out the door, grabbing his walkie talkie on the way out. The door stayed open behind him as he vanished into the woods.

Steve refocused on Hopper, on the furious look in his eyes. His feet kicked uselessly beneath him, his face felt like it was swelling already. Hopper squeezed a little bit tighter. As much as he didn't want to hurt him, enough was enough. Steve kneed him in the gut as hard as he could.

The grip loosened and he fell to the floor again. He dove between Hopper's legs, scrambling across the floor on his hands and knees towards his bat. Strong hands gripped his ankles and dragged him

back, fingernails scraping against the hardwood floors in the process.

When he was within reach, Hopper stomped down on his stomach, making him clench his jaw to stop from throwing up. Steve grabbed onto his knee and rolled. Hopper lost his balance, hitting the floor in front of the couch. Fuck, that looked like it hurt. Steve honestly felt terrible.

He pushed to his feet, leaning against the wall and panting. "Listen, I don't know what's going on and I don't want to hurt you."

Hopper's hand wrapped around Steve's bat and he launched it through the air. It lodged itself, nail end, into the wall barely an inch from his face.

"That's my bat!" Steve snapped.

As the cop got to his feet, Steve realized that Hopper was, in deed, trying to kill him. He grabbed the handle of the bat and tried to yank it from the wall, finding it tucked deeply inside. Planting on foot on his wall, Steve pulled with every bit of strength he had. He could hear Hopper shuffling around behind him, every sound bringing more terror.

The noises stopped right behind him. Steve leaned all the way into the pull, getting the bat to wriggle just a bit. Before it came loose, something hard hit him on the side of the head.

He stumbled back, catching himself on the kitchen table. "Is that a fucking dictionary!? Hop, what's going on?"

It was like talking to a brick wall. A murderous brick wall. Steve scrambled to the sink, grabbed a dirty plate from inside. When Billy had beamed him over the head with a plate, it'd hurt like fuck. It had to have the same effect on Hopper, right?

He brought it down hard over the cop's head. Hopper paused, shook shattered porcelain out of his hair and punched Steve right in the neck. As Steve wheezed for air, all he could think was that that was some real fucking bullshit..

Hopper grabbed him by the waist and lifted him up. Steve's hands

beat into his back as hard as he could manage. He whispered an apology between every hit. His feet found purchase in the edge of the counter and he pushed forward.

They stumbled backward, Hopper tripped over the back of the couch. Maybe this was a mistake, Steve thought right before he crashed through the coffee table.

It was over. His body ached, every move sent shooting pain through him. Steve was literally seeing stars. There was no way his foot was supposed to bend at that angle.

As he blinked his vision into focus, he saw Hopper standing over him. With a look of disgust on his face, Hopper grabbed the lamp off the end table. He hefted it in his hand before bringing it down onto Steve's face, knocking him out.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

Anyways, I think Steve and Hopper could be the dreamteam of season 3. Hopper could be Steve's Steve, Steve could be Hopper's Dustin, and Dustin could be Dustin^2. The disaster trio we all need.

Sorry this ain't great, lol. I was just hit with inspiration and wanted to get it out.

“What do we do with it?” Steve asked. He was leaning against the kitchen counter, arms crossed. His eyes were focused on the slimey, humanoid creature Hop had tied to a kitchen chair. It was writhing and howling, it's voice just human enough to make his skin crawl.

“We have to burn it,” Four said. He was an older man, not much younger than Hopper. Scrawny, nothing but skin and bones, but he was smart. He'd spent years in the Upside Down. If anyone knew how to handle it, he did.

Hopper stood beside Steve, watching the thing strain against the ropes. Steve had come running up to him a couple hours ago, screaming about some thing that had taken Dustin captive. The younger kid had went running as soon as Hopper showed up, but he'd probably be back when he realized it was safe again.

“Doesn't that sound...” Steve's lips curled in disgust. “Smelly?”

“It's the only way,” Four said.

Hopper nodded and started rummaging around. He kept a can of emergency gas around her somewhere for the stove. There was no use in wasting time.

When he get closer to the creature, it's howling turned soft. For a moment, it sounded like it was trying to say his name. Hopper paused, looked into its beady eyes.

“What's wrong?” Steve asked.

“Doesn’t that sound like my name?” He paused. It happened again. “Did you hear it? ‘Hopper’? It just said my name.”

“Stop playing around, you’ve just gotta burn it,” Steve insisted. He sounded scared, which was a little out of the ordinary. Usually, he was better at acting tough, no matter how fucked up things got. Something about that made Hopper hate this thing even more.

He started pouring the gasoline over the creature, making sure to completely douse it. Then, he heard it. Clear as day.

“Chief? Oh, God...”

Hopper paused. “Did you hear that?” he asked.

“No. Hear what?”

“It just... it’s talking.”

“No, it’s not, Jim. Hurry up!”

Hopper furrowed his brow and turned around. He stared down Steve, who was watching him fearfully. The kid looked downright anxious. Hop tilted his head to the side.

“What?” Steve asked.

“You’ve never called me ‘Jim’ before.”

“Jesus, does it matter? You can talk about it when that thing is dead!” Four snapped.

“Here, light it up.” Steve pulled his lighter out of his pocket and handed it to Hopper.

He’d already taken it when he realized something else. “You stopped smoking,” he said, glaring at the lighter.

That had been their deal, the thing that had made Steve more of an apprentice and less of a nuisance. It had started with sharing cigarettes in the middle school parking lot while waiting to pick up the kids. Then Joyce had made them both quit, and it turned into



complaining together. Hopper had missed them like crazy, but the thought of caving before Steve, the king of lack of discipline, had kept him going.

“I picked it up again.” Steve shrugged. “Lots of stress.”

“And you didn’t tell Joyce?”

“She’s not my mom.”

And that was strike three. Because as true as that sentence was, Hopper knew it didn’t mean anything. He’d picked up Steve, drunk, wandering on the side of the road a few weeks ago. And in his passenger seat, Steve had slurred out something about how he’d kill to have what Jonathan had. He didn’t say it, but Hopper knew he wasn’t talking about Nancy.

“Hopper! Just kill it!” Four said.

He licked his lips. Right. The snarling beast behind him. Steve acting weird could wait. He turned to face the creature and clicked on the lighter. It struggled violently, almost screaming.

That was when he saw it. A blue hair tie on the creature’s boney grey wrist. His hair tie. Well, Sarah’s, but the one he always wore. The one he gave to El, who had in turn slipped it onto Steve’s wrist before they’d left to find the source of Hawkins’ latest dangers. She’d made him promise to keep it safe, and Steve had taken the job very seriously.

Hopper reached out to grab it.

“Don’t touch that thing!” Steve cried out.

Hop paused, looked into the small black eyes of the creature. Ignoring the protests behind him, he untied the one wrist and held it in his hands. It didn’t feel like the scaly flesh it looked like. Instead it just felt like normal human skin. Wet with gasoline, but fully human.

His fingers skated up it’s reptilian arm. At it’s elbow, he could feel bunched fabric. Cloth went all the way up it’s arm, even though it

looked completely naked.

“Please! Just kill it!” Steve said behind him.

“It’s not... it feels human.” Hopper grabbed the back of it’s neck, felt it trembling beneath his hands.

Four was shouting profanities behind him. Steve was begging him to just torch the thing. He moved his hand to the top of it’s head, and flinched in surprise when he felt a full head of hair. The thing looked completely bald, but his fingers still tangled into long locks. He felt the length of the hair in his hands, the stickiness of product, the softness of it.

A sudden realization dawned on him. He carefully looked over his shoulder. Steve met his eyes, but couldn’t hold his gaze.

“Why does it feel like you?” he asked quietly.

“Hop?” The creature croaked and there it was. For sure Steve’s voice, deep under that odd gravely rumbling.

Memories came flooding back to him. He and Jane hadn’t gone off to investigate, they’d gone to find a specific person. 004. Who was standing in his kitchen, and Jane was nowhere to be seen.

He drew his pistol and fired at Four. By the time the bullets reached him, the man had vanished. Steve screamed, but vanished too when Hopper fired at him.

“Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit.”

Hopper turned back around to see Steve, the real Steve. He was bruised and bloody, soaked to the bone with gasline but Steve nonetheless. His brown eyes tracked every movement of Hopper's through the wet hair plastered to his forehead.

“Steve?” Hopper was already untying him, guilt forming in his stomach at the rubbed raw skin on his wrists.

“Fuck, please don’t kill me. I know I haven’t been great, but I’m really putting in a solid effort, ya know?”

“I’m not trying to kill you.”

“Could’ve fooled me! What the fuck is going on?”

Hopper grabbed Steve’s bashed face with both his hands. “Has it been you this whole time?”

There was a pause as Steve tried to keep his face steady. The adreneline was wearing off. His survival instincts were collapsing, leaving him with a quivering lower lip and red eyes. He nodded quickly.

“Fuck.” Hopper pulled him close, fell back so they were sitting on the ground. Steve tried to pull away, but Hopper held him there, let him bury his face in his chest. He wasn’t sure who needed this more. With his foot, he knocked the lighter as far away as he could.

“I’m sorry, kid. I’m so sorry.”